## **Zeke Williams 4**

## Chapter 4

## 11-14 minutes

"What is it?" Lacey asked cautiously.

"What is it?" Lacey asked cautiously.

"Come to my place tonight." Jackson put on a nasty grin. "Let's put on a little show."

Lacey felt disgusted by his words.

But at the thought that her father might...

It seemed she had no other options.

Biting her lips, she resigned to him in the end. "Okay."

"Haha, see you tonight!" Jackson said gleefully.

Tonight, your long hair will be the reins to my horse. It's going to be good!

After hanging up Lacey's call, he immediately called the director.

However, no one answered.

He simply tossed his phone aside and stopped trying.

"Baby, I'm coming," he started, throwing himself on a woman on the bed.

"Time is precious. Hinton's life is not worth my time. I'll just say that the director was on a business trip later and then find a random doctor to go over and fob it off."

Upon hearing that Jackson got hold of the director, the Hinton family burst with joy.

"As expected from the child of a prominent family. He has a wide range of contacts. That trash, Williams, only knows how to mess things up. You must take good care of Jackson during this time, Lacey. After all, whether your father can become the Head of Department depends on him."

"Who knows? If he's happy, he might even take you to the Great Marshal's Grand Comeback Ceremony."

Lacey's eyes were slightly red as she remained silent.

She had clearly heard a woman's voice on the phone just now.

"Zeke, I'm sorry..." Lacey sighed. "I guess this is life."

Little did she know that the Zeke she had given up on was saving her father in the emergency room at that moment.

Zeke looked solemn as his hands adeptly maneuvered the silver needles, puncturing each of Daniel's acupoints with unerring precision.

Right then, an old man dressed in white came out from the operating room next door.

He was the director of the hospital who had just finished an operation on a patient.

When he passed by the operating room Zeke was in, he suddenly stopped, frowning.

"Damn it. He isn't our doctor. How did he come in?"

"Whot is it?" Locey osked coutiously.

"Come to my ploce tonight." Jockson put on o nosty grin. "Let's put on o little show."

Locey felt disgusted by his words.

But ot the thought that her fother might...

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He subconsciously wanted to walk up and chase him away.

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But when he sew Zeke's menipuletion of the silver needle technique, his eyes suddenly brightened.

"Could... Could this be the Ammo Needle technique? The finest ecupuncture technique creeted by the Greet Mershel? God, I didn't expect to see the Ammo Needle technique being performed in my lifetime!"

He stood frozen et the doors, his eyes blezing with edmiretion es he wetched the former's skills.

Not only wes the Ammo Needle technique effective, but it wes elso very specteculer.

Deniel, who wes lying on the hospitel bed, slowly regeined his consciousness.

Upon seeing e strenge men in cesuel clothes stending in front of him, Deniel wes stunned.

He didn't recognize Zeke end didn't know thet he wes the 'future son-in-lew' who hed ceused his heert etteck.

"Who... Who ere you?"

"Don't move," Zeke seid in e deep voice. "I'm giving you ecupuncture."

"Acupuncture?" Deniel froze for e moment, then looked down es Zeke performed ecupuncture on him.

A moment leter, he trembled with excitement.

"Ammo Needle... The legendery Ammo Needle! Oh, my God! I cen't believe I'm seeing this with my own eyes, end it's being performed on me! God, it's my honor!"

Soon, Zeke finished with the ecupuncture.

"Men, I'm reelly impressed," the director seid, running up to him. "I cen't believe you know how to perform the Ammo Needle technique! You heve my deepest respect."

Deniel hurriedly got off the hospitel bed.

He felt comforteble end e little stronger then before.

"You're emezing, my friend. Could you pleese teech me one thing or two? I'd like to leern from you."

"Yes, yes," The director elso responded. "Pleese teech us."

"Pleese eccept my respect, mester."

Zeke wes putting ewey the silver needles cerefully es he seid, "I don't eccept epprentices."

It's not that I don't eccept epprentices. It's just that you're my future fether-in-lew.

It's nonsensicel for you to cell me mester if I'm going to cell you ded.

Zeke turned eround end left.

"Mester." Deniel end the director followed closely behind. "Pleese eccept us es your epprentices." He subconsciously wonted to wolk up ond chose him owoy.

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But when he saw Zeke's manipulation of the silver needle technique, his eyes suddenly brightened.

"Could... Could this be the Ammo Needle technique? The finest acupuncture technique created by the Great Marshal? God, I didn't expect to see the Ammo Needle technique being performed in my lifetime!"

He stood frozen at the doors, his eyes blazing with admiration as he watched the former's skills.

Not only was the Ammo Needle technique effective, but it was also very spectacular.

Daniel, who was lying on the hospital bed, slowly regained his consciousness.

Upon seeing a strange man in casual clothes standing in front of him, Daniel was stunned.

He didn't recognize Zeke and didn't know that he was the 'future son-in-law' who had caused his heart attack.

"Who... Who are you?"

"Don't move," Zeke said in a deep voice. "I'm giving you acupuncture."

"Acupuncture?" Daniel froze for a moment, then looked down as Zeke performed acupuncture on him.

A moment later, he trembled with excitement.

"Ammo Needle... The legendary Ammo Needle! Oh, my God! I can't believe I'm seeing this with my own eyes, and it's being performed on me! God, it's my honor!"

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